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New Republic

A HELPING HAND FOR TYRANTS

AN EDITORIAL

1950 MANNERS AND MORALS

By CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

THE DICTATORSHIP WITHOUT A PLAN

By THEODORE H. WHITE

GUNTHER'S ROOSEVELT

Reviewed by BASIL RAUCH

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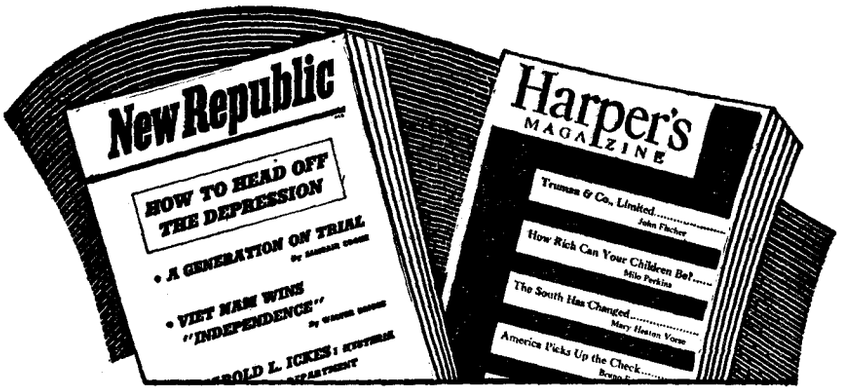
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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR JUNE 12, 1950

5 A Helping Hand for Tyrants
An Editorial
6 The Week:
6 A Great Victory
6 Relief for Needy Oilmen
7 Arms to the Near East
7 Negro Candidates
7 Herblock Cartoon
8 Congress Looks Homeward
8 Jim Crow to the Hilt
8 Outside America
10 Manners and Morals: A.D. 1950, by Clyde Kluckhohn
14 The Dictatorship Without a Plan, by Theodore H. White
17 Harold L. Ickes
18 Books:
18 The Intelligent Woman's Guide to World Politics, by Albert Z. Carr
19 John Gunther's "Roosevelt in Retrospect," reviewed by Basil Rauch
20 Kaplan's "The Plenipotentiaries," reviewed by David Davidson
20 Music
22 Movies

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WASHINGTON WIRE

CONGRESS is "playing tough" but will vote the $1.2 billion foreign-military-aid bill. The rapid pace of European developments is leaving Congress panting. Dean Acheson came back genuinely impressed by better morale in Western Europe. Truman is a professional optimist and his comment that the world is nearer peace today "than at any time in the past five years" means little. Acheson's more careful comment, however, is impressive.

Politically, Acheson didn't do himself a bit of good in the unique face-to-face, question-answer session with Congress last week. With a fine sense of responsibility, he refrained from demagogic diatribes that would have brought his Congressional audience up cheering. His thesis was so studiously understated that reporters present felt most Congressmen didn't get the revolutionary implications of the loss of sovereignty involved in the new Atlantic defense setup. Tall, aristocratic Acheson, with his pin-stripe suit, doesn't win politicians. No electric spark leaped from the steep tiers of seats in the Library of Congress auditorium (usually reserved for highbrow music) down to the stage where perspiring Acheson talked pleasantly in front of 14 potted palms and two large ferns. England's Anthony Eden finally decided he was too elegant for his own good; his political prestige rose as his attire declined. Maybe Acheson should wear baggy pants. About half of Congress watched the suave secretary, blindingly illuminated under klieg lights like a police suspect at a lineup. As the questions showed, most Congressmen came for the novelty rather than to interrogate. The arena was chiefly left to crackpots.

Though America's first public Congressional interrogation of a Cabinet member was a flop in many respects, it is vastly encouraging that it was held at all. Many Congressmen expressed hope that it would be repeated. It took the House of Commons three centuries to work out its casual daily question period; Congress made a start May 31.

Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer's effort to oust employees Michael Lee and William Remington, accused as "Reds," before their cases are heard, is cowardly. "Fire them," warns Senator George W. Malone (R, Nev.), "or face a full-scale investigation of the Commerce Department." With tacit Truman assent Sawyer has taken the role of appeaser. We don't know whether Lee and Remington are radicals or not. But getting rid of them this way, on the subterfuge that they are "incompetent and troublesome employees," is simple folly. It will not appease the McCarthys. It impugns the efficacy of Truman's alternative procedure, the loyalty boards. It bows to blackmail and is essentially unjust. What if Sawyer's more courageous predecessor, Averell Harriman, had fired Dr. Condon when the Parnell Thomas committee attacked him?

It was a woman who showed courage last week. Taking the Senate floor, Margaret Chase Smith (R, Me.) publicly told Republicans "McCarthyism" is a liability, not an asset, and that there are some things more important than winning anyway. She offered a "Declaration of Conscience," signed by seven Republicans and immediately endorsed by an eighth, revealing a wide split in the party. It is understandable now why Taft is backing away from the remarks supporting McCarthy which he made to reporters on March 22 and has since denied twice. In the hushed all-male audience, Mrs. Smith's hardly audible tones had visible effect. It was like another still, small voice saying something to listeners which, in their hearts, they already knew. It was a great scene. Next day McCarthy made a perfunctory reply. There were no new charges. Most of the prepared diatribe he inserted without reading. The chamber was almost empty. We think the nation is catching up with McCarthy.

There is no serious doubt that the Western countries have already taken the mental hurdle of allowing West

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Germany to begin establishing a small military police force. Adenauer's request was discussed at the recent London meeting. He asked an authorized limit of 25,000 to start and will probably get less. It will be the training cadre for a future West German army. West German remilitarization is about to begin. It follows several steps after the Soviet precedent in East Germany.

Taxes are the remaining biggest issue in Congress and will determine when Congress quits. The House Ways and Means Committee should present its bill in 10 days. As it stands, Truman would veto it. With the stock market booming, the committee would make life still happier for millionaires by lowering taxes on cigars, furs, jewelry and cabarets. For the masses there would be lower movie taxes. These things won't help balance the budget, but remember—it's election year. Nevertheless, it's wonderful what a moderating effect the threat of a veto has. Truman demands increased corporation taxes and the real fight turns on that.

What is "seniority"? It is the system by which conservative Southern Democrats dominate Congress. Most Congressional work is done in committees, potent chairmen head little satrapies, the chairmen are chosen not by wisdom or ability but by "seniority," *i.e.*, continuous length of service. This, of course, benefits men from the one-party South. Following the deaths of two old-time incumbent chairmen, Southern Democrats will soon dominate 10 of the 18 major House committees and be second in command on six others. Most of them are anti-Fair Deal. Nearly everything in the American political machine is weighted against the liberal big-city proletariat.

Notes: The new "baby" A-Bomb (TRB exclusive, the *NR*, June 5) is, despite denials, the major postwar military development. Carried by two-engine light bombers, jet-powered, it can break up mass ground-troop concentrations, revolutionizing warfare. . . . The displaced-persons bill allowing entry of 341,000 should soon pass. . . . Some of the air seems to be coming out of the *Amerasia* case, but Scripps-Howard is still pumping. . . .

Washington, D. C. T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

The More It Changes . . .

SIR: I read Dr. Pajus' article (the *New Republic*, May 29) on the problems and dangers involved in the current efforts to integrate the German steel and coal industries into the European economy with considerable interest.

Dr. Pajus' analysis of these problems and data represents the point of view of an increasing number of Americans that the present plans for integrating the German economy into the European economic system will contribute not to the pacification of Europe but to the reconstruction of a cartelized, nationalistic, and eventually militaristic Germany ready to reëmbark on another wave of aggression. . . . The burden of his argument is that there is no historical or organizational basis for believing that the same clique of individuals who were the spokesmen of the German steel cartel in the past and who contributed so much, financially and economically, to the industrial pyramiding of Nazi economic might would now be willing to subordinate their selfish interests for the benefit of the European economy as a whole and the goal of European economic integration in particular. . . .

As I was with the Decartelization Branch of Military Government from its inception through the hectic changes in US policy on German cartels, I observed, at close hand, many of the situations about which Dr. Pajus writes.

The American public does not comprehend what a powerful impact the German cartel system has had on the German "way of life." It is not fully understood how every "echelon" of business activity from the smallest to the biggest is permeated with the practice of exclusive monopoly agreements, cartel arrangements and production restrictions. I recall, for example, the case of a German in Bavaria who wanted to produce artificial limbs to supply some portion of the requirements of the large number of German amputees. This individual was not permitted, however, to engage in this business because the association in the industry, with the backing of the Bavarian state government, had no desire to see the area of competition increased.

It is hardly appreciated in this country what an important contribution decartelization could have made to democratization, and that our failure to carry out the former has been inimical to the progress of the latter. Had our decartelization policy in Germany been realized, many of the disturbing conditions which have alarmed a group of Congressmen into calling for an investigation of our occupation policy in Germany would not have been able to develop.

The merit of Dr. Pajus' article consists in pointing out that the wolves of the German steel cartel are not likely to become suddenly the lambs of a Gallic shepherd of peace. . . .

A recent dispatch to the New York *Times* by its correspondent, Drew Middleton, adds weight to Dr. Pajus' comments. In it, Middleton reports that the Germans are openly expressing their confidence of becoming the dominant force in the proposed Franco-German steel merger. This feeling of preëminence even penetrates into the ranks of German labor. A fraternal delegate of German social-democracy to the congress of the French Socialist Party stated, according to a New York *Times* dispatch, that his party would demand equality of Germany with France in the proposed steel plans and that such support would be conditional on the guarantee that future plans for the nationalization of the Ruhr industries would not be jeopardized. It is possible that the delegates did not recall that the first German steel cartel was formed and allowed to flourish under the very nose of a Weimar Government commission investigating the conditions for nationalizing the steel and coal industries of the Ruhr after the First World War.

In any case, it is to Dr. Pajus' credit that he advocates a possible solution of the Ruhr problem: to give some international body, such as the ECE, a controlling voice in making and supervising the integration of the Ruhr into the Western European economy. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. DAVID DENSON

Through a Glass Darkly

SIR: Are sober people less over-reaching and belligerent? Is there any link between habits and actions?

The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported in its "Business Bulletin" column:

GLUG. Per capita consumption of bonded whiskies in Washington, D. C., is about four times higher than the national average . . . the D. C. figure being 221 gallons per thousand people.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALEXANDER BOZIC

Who Wants to Trade?

SIR: My brother and I are very keen students of political affairs and we are anxious to obtain information about American politics.

We wondered whether you could possibly put us in touch with a reader of the *New Republic* who would like to exchange his copy regularly with us. We can offer the *New Statesman and Nation*, or the *Times*.

I should be most grateful if you could help us in this way. My address is 69A Mount Ararat Road, Richmond, Surrey, England.

Richmond, England PAMELA REEKIE

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VOLUME 122, NUMBER 24, ISSUE 1854, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 12, 1950 **New Republic**

A HELPING HAND FOR TYRANTS

FATHER DUNPHY was a Roman Catholic priest in Buenos Aires until he was excommunicated for protesting the bloody excesses of Peron. He wrote to his superiors:

> I thought that the Christianity of today was that of the early centuries, that we would give our lives to defend our principles, that the flattery of the world would not corrupt us. With sadness I have discovered that the contrary is true and that the only sin is going against the current of those who triumph. . . . The early Christians knew what faith was. We have learned diplomacy. That was why they died but we continue to live.

An unpopular doctrine, not only in the Church but in our own democracy, which has just underwritten Peron with a $125 million loan. Today's superior doctrine is outlined by the New York *Times* in its editorial apologia for the Argentine loan:

> . . . It will be invaluable to all of us in North and Latin America to know that Argentina will be on our side this time in the event of war.

This time indeed!

Argentina was a free and prosperous nation when Peron took power five years ago. America represented an ideal of greater freedom and prosperity. Today Argentina is a down and out dictatorship and what radical opposition remains is attacking our loan, not because it represents a victory for an Argentinian oppressor, but because it represents a surrender to American imperialism.

Peron suppressed freedom of speech and freedom of the press. He suppressed the trade unions and the right to strike. He helped military dictators seize power in Venezuela, Paraguay and Peru; he supported Fascist movements in Bolivia, Colombia and Chile; he tightened the screws on Uruguay. He held Western Europe and America up for highway robbery in foodstuffs in the hungry days of UNRRA. He ran into trouble because he failed to make a killing on offshore purchases for the Marshall Plan.

Argentinians like to repeat that "no government, however bad, can ruin a country." Peron is an exception. He began with an ambitious industrialization plan and soon undermined the agriculture on which Argentina lives. Livestock herds were slaughtered in a vain effort to finance industrial imports. Farm products were bought cheaply and sold dearly, causing a decline in farm acreage, while farmers flocked into already overcrowded cities, only to suffer from inflation. When the line of British credit ran out, Argentina fell $200 million in debt to American exporters.

Yet the story ends happily. All is forgiven: the marriage dowry is presented; Peron in return agrees to license more Hollywood movies. Jacob Potofsky, protesting in the name of labor, is solemnly assured by the State Department that: "If we as a government can learn to work with the government of Argentina then the people of the United States and the people of Argentina will be enabled to learn to work together."

But it won't work. The taxpayers may bail out Westinghouse and General Motors for their sins of overconfidence in the past; but neither the banks nor the small creditors who finance two-thirds of our unequal and unpromising trade with Argentina are likely to make the same mistake twice.

After all, as *La Nacion* recently asserted:

> The economic structure of a country does not consist solely of material goods, nor of physical and technological factors. The determining force of all social progress as a basis for economic well-being is the human element whose development is possible only in a system of liberty which allows for the existence of the spirit of criticism.

It is reassuring to know that in Argentina truths are recognized which have been forgotten in the chambers of the State Department, and in the editorial offices of the New York *Times*.

Francisco Franco, Peron's European partner, is also in trouble and clamoring for American loans. Judging by the logic of the loan to Argentina, he will also be satisfied if the State Department gets its way.

Franco, as Theodore White points out in this week's *New Republic*, has brought Spain close to bankruptcy. Her land is deteriorating, her factories are wearing out, her railroads are able to move less and less freight each year. According to United States statistics, a day's work earns one-half as much as in prewar years. The health of the Spanish people is steadily declining.

Like Peron, Franco pursued grandiose plans for industrialization while Spain's agriculture declined. And like Peron he failed. Spain's exports are rising slowly, thanks to world recovery. Yet her trade position is

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deteriorating as her final reserves of gold and foreign exchange are spent. Her exports to America are just one-half her current imports. Her prospects grow steadily worse.

Consequently a steady stream of Franco's agents have tried to negotiate loans. First it was Andres Moreno and Juan March in 1949; then Mariano Yturralde, here in secret last winter. Now Juan Bustello, general manager of a nitrogenous-fertilizer plant in the Asturias, and the Spanish Embassy are pressing for commercial loans from the Export-Import Bank.

The State Department has opposed loans to Spain in the past. It told Franco bluntly that Spain's economic plight was self-created, by Franco's policies of manipulating foreign-exchange rates, discriminating against foreign investment and imitating the methods worked by Hermann Goering in the government's industrial corporation, the INI. If Franco read the message, he paid no attention. Several hundred different exchange rates, varying from 10 to 40 pesetas to the dollar, are in force today. Foreign companies are still prohibited unless they relinquish two-thirds of their management and control to Spanish concerns. Franco himself is still dedicating new plants of the INI.

Until recently Franco was kept afloat by Peron under an agreement by which all Spain's needs for wheat were met by Argentine credits. Now Peron can carry Franco no longer. At the same time Spain's markets in America have collapsed. We are no longer buying Spanish almonds and mercury. Our needs for Spanish olives have declined. Even the Armstrong Cork Company is disillusioned about trading with Franco Spain.

Twice the National City Bank and the Chase National Bank have helped Franco out. But, lacking faith, they have insisted on collateral of 105 percent in gold, deposited in London. Now Franco's gold reserves are less than a year's trade with America and Britain. On no conceivable grounds could a commercial loan to Spain be justified today.

However, Franco is hopeful that $70 million in Export-Import Bank funds, sooner or later, will come his way. Behind the loan are friendly Senators, organized by Pat McCarran, and the powerful lobbyists of the National Cotton Council led by George McFadden and the Anderson Clayton Company.

Aiding a loan also is the fact that a yawn of public indifference greeted the credit given to Peron. Why should Franco not be hopeful, if our major purpose is preparation for a war in which only degrees of totalitarianism distinguish our enemies from our allies?

THE WEEK

A GREAT VICTORY

Three tremendously important decisions in the field of civil liberties were handed down by the Supreme Court last Monday. Only one of these had come through when this issue of the *New Republic* went to press; we shall comment on the other two next week.

Elmer Henderson, a Negro, was traveling from Washington to Birmingham on a Southern Railroad train, in May, 1942. He was refused dining-car service, although there were vacant tables. When he took legal action, the Southern Railroad was sustained by the Interstate Commerce Commission and, later, by the Federal District Court for the District of Maryland. Henderson was aided in taking his case to the Supreme Court by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Veterans Committee and many other liberal organizations.

The Court, in a decision of great significance, has now upheld Henderson's argument and rejected that of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the US District Court, on the ground that what was done constituted unreasonable discrimination against Negroes. In effect, this rules out Jim Crow on Southern railroads, which was legalized in a Supreme Court decision 54 years ago. It is a magnificent victory in the long, hard fight for justice for all citizens.

RELIEF FOR NEEDY OILMEN

The House Ways and Means Committee is preparing to recommend a tax bill which the President almost certainly will veto. Last January, Truman asked Congress to remove certain excise taxes and raise other levies to produce a net increase in federal revenue. The new tax plan the House committee has taken five months to concoct would reduce government income by perhaps $700 million a year and actually broaden the loopholes by which some special interests evade their fair share of the taxes. So far, the committee has voted to cut excise taxes $1.27 billion and to levy only $500 million in new taxes.

Truman's pleas for higher corporate tax rates and for abolishing the special exemptions now allowed oil, gas and mining companies made no impression on Representatives thinking about reëlection this year, eager to cut taxes to get votes and wary of raising the rates on potential campaign contributors. The Congressmen who stooge for the oil and mineral interests in their home states found it easy to persuade most of the committee members that this was no time for tax reforms.

Truman has called the excessive depletion allowances granted to oil, gas and mineral producers the most "inequitable" clause in present tax laws. In his tax message last January, the President cited the "shocking example" of one oil operator who developed properties yielding $5 million in one year and, by using a loophole in the law, paid no tax at all on the income. To make up for the supposed de-

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pletion of their reserve resources, owners of such properties are now permitted to exclude as much as 50 percent of their income from taxation. Plugging this leak, as Truman requested, would have netted the government $300 to $400 million annually. Colin Stam, the technical adviser to the House Ways and Means Committee on taxation, a cautious conservative who has served Republican as well as Democratic Administrations, wrote a report concurring in the President's recommendation regarding these exemptions, but the committee was more impressed by the advice of Speaker Sam Rayburn, who for years has quietly done the work of the Texas oil and gas interests.

Even the reactionary old Ways and Means Committee Chairman Robert Doughton (N. C.) favored cutting down these subsidies of wealthy corporations. Doughton explained to a reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that it was Speaker Rayburn and not he who influenced the committee on the exemptions: "The Speaker was terribly against any change in the oil-depletion provision. I know he made that plain to other members of the committee.

"Personally, I thought that loophole ought to be closed, that it was wrong, but the others were so much for keeping it that nothing could be done. . . ."

Rayburn did his work for the big Texas interests, as usual, where it would count most and show least. Instead of taking in $300 to $400 million more a year, the committee has voted to allow the oil and gas men to keep $15 to $20 million more from the tax collectors every year.

The new bill will plug a few minor loopholes. Charitable and educational organizations will pay more taxes, and the capital-gains structure will be tightened against misuse. But there seems no chance that the Administration's proposal to boost the rate for giant corporations from 38 percent to 42 percent and lower the rates for middle-sized companies will be adopted. That move by itself would have yielded the government another $500 million a year, but big business' friends in this Congress are still too powerful to permit it. Weeks of debate will take place in the House and then in the Senate before these proposals of the Ways and Means Committee are formally voted upon, but the likelihood is that Congress as a whole will adopt this tax bill substantially as presented to it and that the President will promptly veto the measure.

ARMS TO THE NEAR EAST

In the Near East, peace has long been hanging by a frayed thread. Great Britain has been supplying quantities of heavy arms to the Arabs, while Israel could get from various other sources only small arms, and only in small amounts. Authorized spokesmen for Israel have expressed the fear that as soon as the Arabs felt they had a sufficient preponderance of weapons, war might break out again.

Last fortnight, a step was taken which ostensibly relieved this situation. The embargo on arms to Israel was lifted; Great Britain, France and the United States all promised to give equal consideration to applications for arms for defensive purposes from both groups. There was a broad hint as well that the West would expect the Near East to participate in the cold war—or even a hot one—against Russia.

The Arabs, since they have been getting plenty of arms from Britain, are naturally not happy about this turn of events; neither are the Jews gleefully throwing their hats in the air. They don't want to be dragged into the cold war, especially because the division between Left and Right in Israel itself is very deep. They think Britain was pressured into the new policy by President Truman (and they are right); they will be surprised if the British don't try to find some way of wriggling out of the agreement, or at least nullifying its effects. As for the Arabs, the Israeli are pleased to note that they are quarreling among themselves, which makes a concerted attack on Israel less likely; they fear, however, that even in the event of an internecine Arab war, Britain might protect Jordan's boundaries for her and thus permit the fighting to spill over into Jewish territory.

On top of all this, the Israeli are confronted with the UN plan for the internationalization of the entire city of Jerusalem, which is now under divided rule like that in Berlin, the Arabs controlling the Old City and the Jews the New. Israel believes the plan is unworkable and offers instead a proposal for international control of the holy places only. This scheme would seem just and reasonable; but the historic record of recent years has taught the Israeli that justice and reason have very little to do with the present policy of the Great Powers toward them.

NEGRO CANDIDATES

Two Negroes may make Congressional history in this year's elections. For the first time since the Civil War, a Negro is running for nomination to Congress from South Carolina on the Democratic ticket. A. J. Clement, son of a top official in the wealthy North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, is opposing one of the South's loudest Dixiecrats, L. Mendel Rivers, to represent Charleston and the 1st Con-

"Will I rescue you? Tune in again next month."

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gressional District of South Carolina. Clement ran for the Charleston Town Council in the last election, and came in fifth in a race to select four members. Negroes have registered in large numbers in the 1st District this year. Clement says he will not make any appeal for a block Negro vote, however, and will not inject the race issue into the campaign if Rivers will refrain from doing so. Several groups of white voters are covertly backing Clement because of his liberal platform.

For the first time since the early thirties, when Representative Oscar De Priest of Chicago served in the House, Republicans have a strong Negro contender for Congress. Theodore Spaulding, Philadelphia attorney and former president of the NAACP branch in that city, has received the GOP nomination in the 4th Congressional District by an easy margin over a former Republican Representative, Franklin Mahoney.

About 35 percent of the voters of the 4th District are Negro. With Negro support, Earl Chudoff, the Democratic incumbent, won by fewer than 15,000 votes out of 125,000 cast in 1948. Chudoff has an outstanding record on legislation to protect minorities. Negro organizations are switching to the Republican side, however, even though Spaulding's stand on other than race issues is extremely noncommittal.

CONGRESS LOOKS HOMEWARD

Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas (Ill.) has persuaded the President and other Democratic leaders that the best thing to do with the 81st Congress now is to let it go home. Senator Lucas is understandably concerned about his personal problem of getting reëlected this fall. The Senate Majority Whip, Francis Myers of Pennsylvania, who has the formidable opposition of Republican Governor James Duff for this seat, is also fretting to get home to campaign. Both Senate leaders are reconciled to a sorry record of accomplishment for this session and are vastly relieved to be excused from doing any more major fighting this year.

Revision of the social-security law and extension of rent control are now the only top Fair Deal measures scheduled as "must" business before adjournment. The Senate does not intend to enact any tax bill. Nothing will be done about the Brannan Farm Plan, the President's health program, federal aid to education, civil rights, economic expansion, additional unemployment compensation, middle-income housing or river-valley development.

One more gesture toward bringing up an FEPC bill will be made by the Democrats, but Lucas privately admits that he anticipates even fewer votes for closure of debate this time than in the futile attempt last month. His frank concern is to get the FEPC matter out of the way so that he can bring his Southern colleagues back in line to support the continuation of rent controls.

The Republican leadership, which has its own election problems, will probably consent to coöperate in expediting the limited program to which the Democrats have now descended. By mid-August, the 81st Congress should be back home justifying itself to the voters.

JIM CROW, TO THE HILT

The US is losing its grim distinction as the country where racial discrimination is worst. The Union of South Africa now seems to be in the number-one place. A bill which is on its way through Parliament will divide the country into zones, and members of each race subject to discrimination will be required to live and work inside its own area. This is a logical climax to the proto-fascist policy which won the election in 1948 for the Nationalists.

Nearly every aspect of Jim Crow practised in the American South is paralleled in South Africa, with some additions of their own. African Negroes, natives of India and other Asiatics are fiercely segregated. The Negroes, for example, are forbidden to vote (as are the other non-whites), with a single unimportant exception in one province. Nearly all of them are illiterate; 40 percent are kept in special compounds, which are hardly better than prisons. They do most of the heaviest labor and are paid starvation wages. To the existing Jim Crow regulations, two more will soon be added: Even witnesses and prisoners in court trials will be Jim Crowed, and every non-white will be registered, fingerprinted and photographed, to make sure that, if his skin happens to be light, there will be no possibility of his "passing," joining the charmed circle of the whites.

While the colored races are subject to the most serious discrimination, anti-Semitism also exists in South Africa (despite official denials). The Nationalists in the Transvaal, for example, refuse to permit Jews to join their party.

Though there is opposition to all this in South Africa, there is no evidence that it is strong enough to be effective. The United Nations is a legitimate forum for airing such gross injustices; but the UN seems too weak to be effective at this time. Meanwhile, resentment among the non-whites (who outnumber the whites four to one) is growing. Riots not long ago resulted in the killing of 12 Negroes in Johannesburg, and a real race war is possible.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Germany, says Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. (D, N. Y.), "may well be the cradle or grave of a new freedom and a new peace." The formula is obviously intended for domestic use. As such, it's a perfectly good debating point in an argument for a reëxamination of American policy. In Europe, however, it suggests that American liberals may be both fearing and expecting too much. The same criticism is made by Western European liberals of Roosevelt's view that Germany's greatest danger is an alliance between Communism and imperialist Nazism; and that the way to prevent it is "to build a stable democracy in West Germany, and then cement it into a coöperative alliance of free peoples."

The old Germany, from Bismarck to Hitler, buried Europe's freedom and peace too many times for European liberals to believe that infant care for a new freedom and a new peace can be entrusted to a Germany which must soon select its leaders from a generation that grew up under Hitler. But they also believe Germany won't again be a grave unless non-Germans make it one. Communism has a certain strength in Ger-

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many, Nazism (or rather the reaction of which it was a product and expression) is growing stronger, but even together they lack the power to make war except with the consent of non-Germans.

The Bonn regime is neither stable nor democratic, except in name. Dr. Konrad Adenauer owes his position as Chancellor to a single vote in the Bundestag —that of a reactionary woman member, still legally French, the wife of a French traitor. Fifteen of the 22 men he has named as diplomats are former Nazis. Freedom of the press has allowed the newspapers to publish nothing at all about the trial in Frankfurt of the man who knowingly sold the Nazi government the poison gas to kill 450,000 persons at Auschwitz. Adenauer himself is a Catholic "centrist" who finds the watered-down Socialism of Kurt Schumacher a mortal sin.

Still, all of this doesn't add up to imperialist Nazism; and besides, the chances of transforming the Western European nations into "a coöperative alliance of free peoples" are as yet only slightly better than making Bonn Germany a stable democracy. Fortunately, neither of these drawbacks is the central point. The effort to cement West Germany to Western Europe *is* the point, for only by such a link will there be any chance at all of making West Germany more democratic and Western Europe more united.

Thus far, the American authorities in West Germany have been afraid either of strengthening democracy or of getting tough with reaction, on the theory that either course would drive the extreme Right and extreme Left together, and hence help Soviet propaganda for the unification of Germany.

The time has come to change this timidity into bold recognition of several facts about the Germany of today, as against the "old" Germany. First, the drive toward national unity has seriously weakened during the last few years (despite Walter Lippmann, whose ideas about European geopolitics seem to be fixed in a pre-Wilsonian mold of nascent nationalism). True internationalism may not yet be born, but old-fashioned nationalism (at least in Western Europe) is dying. Second, when Germany was partitioned in 1945, the nation which Bismarck had made with iron and blood was only 75 years old. There were many centuries of German history before then. And, as the English liberal, A. J. P. Taylor, has pointed out, "Germany has been least dangerous to Europe, and often at her most civilized, when divided." Third, the remaking of Germany into a single great nation (under either Eastern or Western auspices) and the creation of a federated Western Europe are mutually exclusive goals of policy. A great, reunited Germany would eventually dominate, overwhelm and overrun Western Europe. Lippmann's idea of such a Germany as a neutral belt, as a buffer between West and East, presupposes the existence in the West of a European power equal to Soviet Russia's. None exists. None can be made, since no Western European federation can in any foreseeable future be such a power with *independent* strength. In the absence of such a balance, Lippmann's idea is nearly a century out of date, and harmful in the present pattern of policy-making.

A West Germany can, however, be cemented to a Western European federation on two major non-German conditions: that England become part of the federation; and that America find a formula within the framework of the Atlantic community for permitting the Western European member states to have *both* separate national sovereignties and participation in a joint federal sovereignty—a system by which each state makes some sacrifice but in exchange gets a part in a whole which, in terms of sovereignty, is the equal of that of the United States.

Roosevelt's statement implies his acceptance of official American policy in Germany which, despite lip-service to the idea of German unity, is in fact pointed toward an indefinite continuation of the partition. From the democratic viewpoint, this is the only sensible and workable policy. But it's important for Americans to get rid of their paralyzing fear of the so-called force of the German drive to unity. The Soviets have no intention of creating any such unity, except of course in a totally Sovietized Great Germany. That is a permanent goal of Soviet policy not only in Germany but in all countries, but in the case of Germany it's years away from practical politics, and the Soviets know it. A Soviet Great Germany has been put away in a pigeonhole next to the one containing a Soviet Western Europe.

The purpose of the Soviets riding the ersatz German drive for unity is wrecking and sabotage, both of a democratic West Germany and of a federation of free peoples in Western Europe. So long as American policy doesn't dare (or perhaps really want) to make West Germany as democratic as it can be (and a great deal of effort is needed to go a short way in that direction), the Western European drive toward federation within Western Europe and with West Germany will remain in the hands of the reactionaries—for example, the French, who are now toying with a nice big cartel involving Lorraine iron and Ruhr steel. It will not only be pointed away from the goal of a free association of truly democratic peoples; it will be weakened by the doubts, hence defections, of large numbers of true democrats (including leftists who travel close to the Communists because they feel they have nowhere else to go).

So long as the Americans don't recognize that the cradle of a new freedom and of a new peace lies not in the one Western European country where, for the time being, there are the smallest number of democrats to rock it, but in the drives toward social justice and economic efficiency (plus humanity) of *all* the Western European countries (including West Germany), American policy won't be on the right track.

What Roosevelt considers the greatest threat—an alliance between Communism and imperialist Nazism, hence between East and West Germany under the Soviets—is blackmail, perhaps effective, but nonetheless not grounded in political realities and possibilities. The way to face blackmail is openly to fight the blackmailers by taking action against the men they send out to do the collecting. There are plenty of them in West Germany and in West Germany's government. They include Communists and Nazis; they also include nationalists so full of dreams of the past that they can't dream of a different future, men of order and stability not above using illegality in their name, men who talk of democracy and act as if democratic Socialists were heretical devils.

PERCY WINNER

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MANNERS AND MORALS: A.D. 1950

by Clyde Kluckhohn

IT IS ALL too easy to be wrong about the United States. Its apparent uniformities mask infinite variations, and there are, one suspects, implicit highest common factors underlying some of its most obvious diversities. The discovery of America by social scientists is far from complete. Existing studies, valuable and stimulating though they are, represent hardly more than occasional soundings made by explorers drifting around a vast sea of ignorance in a rowboat. We have a far firmer picture of the manners and morals of the Eskimo or of the Ashanti than we have of our own. We must still turn largely to the professional wise men in our midst, to poets and novelists, to the impressionistic accounts of foreign observers.

Yet trial must be made. We may as well start with the most-talked-of social document of the postwar period, the Kinsey Report. In view of all the published commentary, it is not necessary to discuss many facets of Kinsey's data and methods, but there is one aspect which has received insufficient attention outside professional social-science journals. This is the extent to which the sex behavior of American males is class-typed. This finding is independently confirmed in August Hollingshead's *Elmtown's Youth* and shown to extend to many other kinds of social behavior. The same trend is evidenced in a survey of attitudes toward the atomic bomb. The upper middle class is far more concerned over the implications of the bomb than is the lower lower class and appreciably more so than even the lower middle class. In part, this can be explained as a function of educational levels. Also involved, however, are differential stakes in a stable social structure and differing senses of power over the environment.

In short, the Kinsey Report, along with many other recent studies, suggests that our society is in some respects less fluid than it was and that a somewhat different kind of heterogeneity is developing. The patterns of physical growth and maturation and the system of formal education in the public schools are roughly the same for middle and lower-class children, yet they grow up in different worlds from a psychological and sociological point of view. One must not exaggerate the influence of "class" or the decrease in social and economic mobility. It should not be forgotten that W. Lloyd Warner and his associates have had a propensity for studying the more static communities. Perhaps one should avoid the word "class," with its misleading European connotations, and speak of "status groups," since membership in Warner's six classes is so highly correlated with occupational position and educational level. But Kinsey's findings confirm the view that, to some extent, one must think about present and future social behavior in America in class terms.

To me, however, the significance of Kinsey's work for the understanding of the contemporary scene does not rest primarily in any of its facts, important as these are to science. I do not think that these data prove a dangerous growth of immorality, concomitant upon a weakening of religious faith. There is doubtless some connection between these two factors, but my hunch is that a number of Roman Catholic commentators have hit the nail on the head by saying, in substance, "We knew this all along." Certainly Perry Miller has shown that all types of deviation from the approved sex code occurred even under the severest of all regimes, the Puritan. The viewing with alarm has probably about as mythological a foundation as Herbert Goldhamer and Andrew W. Marshall have recently shown to be true of the hue and cry over the supposed increase in psychoses during the last two generations.

The chief significance of Kinsey's work as an indicator of long-term trends consists precisely in its being done at all, in its generous support, and publication. The truly astonishing fact is that this research was backed by the highly respectable Rockefeller Foundation and carried out in a Middle Western state university. On the one hand, this is of a piece with the public airing of American military strategy in October, 1949. This could not have happened in any other major contemporary nation, and the attitudes which made it possible are at once the strength and the weakness of these United States. In the second place, the Kinsey Report is of a piece with the national polling organizations and the other gigantic efforts made by Americans to hold up a mirror to themselves.

Still strong is John Dewey's "faith that if given a chance, men living together on this continent will grow and be able to generate the knowledge and vision required to guide collective action." More than anything else, the Kinsey studies testify to the continued vitality of a childlike trust in knowledge, particularly scientific knowledge, as an instrument for individual and social improvement. Nor, after this war, has there been that revolt against the loss of innocence which was the flam-

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This is the sixth in a series of articles reporting on some aspects of Western civilization at the twentieth century's halfway mark. The next in the series, by Dr. Warren S. Thompson, will deal with population.

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ing-youth movement of the early twenties. F. Scott Fitzgerald is popular again, but as a serious writer, not as the apostle of a new Jazz Age. College teachers uniformly have been impressed by the maturity and earnestness of their students of the past five years. Nurtured amid failing banks and the WPA, as well as seasoned in the war, these young men and women are not easily fooled nor romantically disillusioned. Though perceptibly more conscious of problems of personal security than was the pre-depression generation, their eyes remain, in good American fashion, upon the potential rather than the actual society.

Of course the GI bill itself is proof that the United States really believes its creed of equal opportunity, experiment and education as a magic means of tapping the reservoirs of ability in economically underprivileged groups. This, together with measures recommended by the President's Commission on Higher Education, may have the effect of creating within 10 or 15 years what Seymour Harris calls "an A.B. and Ph. D. proletariat." If present trends continue, in 50 years one-third of all American adults would be college graduates and half would have at least a junior-college education. Openings in professional and managerial occupations can hardly increase in the same proportion, so that the expectations of many would be disappointed. Nevertheless, the relevant point here is that the US is for the moment committed to the historical American creed.

It could, to be sure, be argued that the GI bill and proposed legislation for federal aid to education are also evidence for a somewhat new theme in American culture, that of the "Welfare State." There is surely something to this interpretation. But the power of the old sentiments must not be underestimated. What impressed an Oxford debating team on a recent tour of 59 American colleges was that our students regarded private enterprise not just as an economic method but as a way of life. "A citizen either believes in it or he does not, and if he does not he does not believe in America. . . . During many a debate one felt that, if America went to war, it would be for Private Enterprise against Collectivism rather than for Western civilization against Eastern tyranny." As Daniel Aaron has pointed out, the real protagonists in Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead* are individualism vs. collectivism. This book sold 350,000 copies between 1943 and 1946. Since it is not especially remarkable for plot, literary style, or sex appeal, its success may presumably be traced in large part to its striking home at the core of sentiments.

The reception of Miss Rand's novel could plausibly be interpreted as a confirmation of Henry James's concern over "the rising triumph of the superficial and the apotheosis of the raw." There are, and have been, strong currents of this sort in American life: romantic, anarchic individualism; deification of selfishness; feverish visions of power and sex. Yet it is noteworthy that Miss Rand tells her readers that she wants most to set forth a *morality* of individualism.

Except for one large and various small minorities, most Americans are less and less influenced by institutionalized religion. But this does not mean that they are correspondingly indifferent to problems of standards and of values. On the contrary, perhaps the most impressive of contemporary social and intellectual movements is the increasing concern with such movements. The other day I picked up at random eleven journals, some general and some professional, from the tables of a club. Each had at least one article with titles like the following: "A Scientific Basis for Ethics," "How Can an International Morality Be Created?," "National Interest and Moral Principles in Foreign Policy." There is an almost compulsive quality about the present American need for explicitness and definition of private and national norms for conduct. There is increasing dissatisfaction with rules that pretend to supernatural authority and increasing recognition of the inadequacy of those that are merely hallowed by custom.

Even those who worship the idol of the solitary, ruthless titan seem to feel that egoism requires a moralistic justification. And American men and women who never enter a church except to participate in a rite of passage agree that common values are urgently necessary to a healthy society. They realize that the magnetism of Communism—at least outside the Soviet Union and its satellites—is that of a secular religion. To confused and frightened human beings of the twentieth century a "new synthesis," a systematic, explicit and emotionally toned system of values, speaks as strongly as the promised land of economic security. In accord with the logic of our American sentiments and, in part, on the basis of our more earthy experiences, the overwhelming majority of us reject Communism. But we long for a creed less partisan, less vague, less anachronistic than that of most of our own political oratory. Certainly the United States needs a good five-cent ideology far more than it needs a good five-cent cigar.

The felt need for a positive, clearly defined national faith is matched by gropings at a more personal level. At the end of 1946 Gordon Allport questioned five hundred college men and women on their attitudes toward religion. He reports that a bare quarter were essentially orthodox in their adherence to such items of Christian doctrine as the Incarnation and personal immortality. More than half did not regard the system of faith in which they were reared as adequate to their present needs. On the other hand, only one in ten among women and two in ten among men declared that they had no need for religion. A majority of the war veterans in the group

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stated that the war made them "more interested in the problems religion seeks to solve." The prominence of religious books in the best-seller lists of the last few years is also eloquent testimony.

To a considerable extent this interest in religion and even in churches must be understood in terms of one of the most serious dilemmas of social life in the United States, that of social participation and of social identity. The individual does not have the support of a primitive clan nor of a European parish. The American family, if not in a state of disorganization, is in the throes of transition to a new form of organization—and this gives little comfort to participants. The American participates in a range of compartmentalized and segmentalized social roles which he rightly feels do not mesh into a harmonious unity. He is torn by conflicts between obligations and interests involving those with whom he works, his neighborhood, and the various associations he has joined. He often cannot vote or otherwise influence the course of events in the locality where most of his working hours are spent. Much of his interaction with others is impersonal and even anonymous. When the butcher doesn't have to stop to look at the meat and cut it, but merely reaches for a package already prepared, there isn't even an occasion for an interchange of remarks on the weather. Interest groups, like labor unions, have not grown to sufficient maturity to be satisfying functional equivalents for the church. Shifting sexual attachments do not provide for many a real answer to the American's hypertrophied desire for acceptance as a genuine person, for love and understanding.

One crucial dimension to the problem of social participation is that of women. Treatment of American women by American men and by the society as a whole is ambivalent, to say the least. They are increasingly trained for skilled and professional careers but expected to assume household responsibilities for which they get a minimum of training. With smaller families and labor-saving devices in the home, the mother whose children are in school all day has time on her hands. She is encouraged by advertisements to continue the glamor role of courtship days, but her success-driven husband is seldom up to playing his part. He abdicates to her the total family participation in "culture," but she has sense enough to realize that he—and the society generally—treats this role with half-concealed amusement or contempt, or regards it as a nice but peripheral luxury of middle-class life. Up to a point, this problem is being solved by increased entry into the occupational structure. About 26 out of every 100 workers today are women as against 15 in 1880. Five percent of doctors, dentists and architects are now women. The part-time career for women who have finished child-bearing and whose children are of school age is a constructive solution for many. But discrimination against married women teachers and women in the professions must end and a radical change in the attitudes of husbands must occur before this particular dilemma of participation is solved.

It all comes back to the matter of values, which is surely the most urgent question of the day. Unless some progress can be made along this line, we are crippled both internally and abroad. The Horatio Alger economic and achievement values which still have an important place in our formal and informal educational procedures undoubtedly embody a distinctively American view of the world, and few of us would want to see the convictions that effort counts, and that something can be done, disappear from the American scene. Yet we need a new set of success values that are better geared to economic and political realities. The disillusioned are the manpower reserve of demagogues.

At least until our technology is revolutionized by atomic energy, unskilled workers are necessary. Immigration no longer supplies a constant flow of new manual laborers and domestic servants whose children can become skilled workers and *their* children white-collar professionals. To some extent a needed revision in our prestige categories is already occurring. There is evidence that the members of the highly-paid trades are increasingly regarded as more "successful" than those in the lower white-collar jobs.

The main problem, however, is that of bringing to consciousness and communicability some of the underlying elements in our value system which, historically, have counterbalanced the intensely competitive pressures toward social mobility. From the outside these have had too little visibility in contrast to our "materialism" and our "go-getter" philosophy. Certainly foreigners have found it far easier to discover the more superficial aspects of our way of life, and all except a few of the greatest, such as de Tocqueville, have characterized us in these terms. We do have values that are not bound up in materialism and the success system, but, under normal circumstances, we are ludicrously inarticulate about them. I believe, however, that the experience of the last 15 years indicates on the whole that when educated people in the United States are hit by forces that require rethinking, they do rethink.

The conflict and competition between Christian sects has weakened the authority of all. Increased knowledge of the processes of the physical and biological worlds has engendered widespread skepticism of all doctrines based on authority and revelation rather than upon scientific investigation. The existence of contrasting value systems is now apparent to many citizens rather than to a handful of philosophers and anthropologists. Nor can contemporary man so easily dismiss these discrepancies as the aberrations of "ignorant savages" or the benighted ways of heathen who have never had the benefit of instruction in the one true Gospel. Thoughtful Christians

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have begun to question the underlying values of a civilization whose material achievements are unparalleled but which also produced the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As General Bradley remarked, "Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants." Confused moderns have come to look with new respect and even with longing at the apparent order and serenity of some of the simpler societies. As Elton Mayo put it, "We have the goods, but they have the morale."

The most dramatic of all current conflicts in value systems is of course that between those of the United States and of the Soviet Union. Our age is hostile to nuances, and many European and Asiatic peoples are not —in realistic terms—free to choose a preferred point on the continuum of which the US and the USSR represent rather extreme positions. Many sensitive Europeans are profoundly unhappy at feeling they must choose between what seems to them the purposeless materialism and moral chaos of American culture and the equally or more abhorrent culture patterns of a brutal police state.

The crisis is intensified by the sheer rapidity of change. As Paul Valéry has said:

> Instead of playing an honest game of cards with destiny as in the past . . . we find ourselves from now on in the position of a player who is shocked to discover that his partner's hand contains cards he has never seen before, and that the rules of the game are changed at every throw.

Yet people are loath to abandon accustomed values. In all the great cultural traditions, values have been important precisely because they were stable, because people half-consciously or unconsciously felt they could rely on their values as representing the distilled essence of experience. However, as Whitehead points out:

> The whole of this tradition is warped by the vicious assumption that each generation will substantially live amid the conditions governing the lives of its fathers and will transmit those conditions to mold with equal force the lives of its children. We are living in the first period of human history for which this assumption is false.

Belief in God as revealer, judge and punisher has unquestionably weakened in the Western world. An increasing number of men and women reluctantly accept death as annihilation, however much they may continue their formal participation in the Christian church as an institution. For millions and millions, these powerful sanctions for conformance to established values have lost their effective force. The result is personal and social disorganization, individual unhappiness and human misery on a vast scale, with irrational political movements which both symbolize and add to these disasters.

We can, and many do, beat a frightened retreat to the older orthodoxies. We can bear chaos as best we are able and wait for the miracle of a new religion to occur—this is what most of the prophets of doom seem to be telling us to do. Or we can at least try to use our scientific approach in this as in other realms of human behavior. Dewey has warned us that "a culture which permits science to destroy traditional values but which distrusts its power to create new ones, is destroying itself."

To me, at least, it is therefore apparent that science, and especially social science, must put up or shut up upon this problem. Social science may as well resign itself to shallow descriptivism unless it can create the logical categories and the empirical methods and techniques to deal with evaluating behavior. Otherwise explanation and prediction will be impossible, except at the levels of reflexive behavior, reactions under conditions of extreme physiological stress, and sheer statistical conformance to cultural pattern. For human beings do not respond to stimuli, or to stimulus situations, as machines respond to the pressing of a lever. It is never just a question of a human organism and his environment (including other people). There is always a third factor, an intervening variable which is unseen but ever present. This is to the total apperceptive mass which each of us develops both as a result of our strictly personal experiences and by virtue of our participation in a specific society and in particular subgroups of that society. Thanks to the work of Warren S. McCulloch, Walter Pitts and others, today we even know a good deal about the neurological basis of this apperceptive mass.

If human beings had shown themselves able to accept existence on a level like that of the other animals, I should be more willing to dismiss the problem of value with James Joyce's "I fear those big words that make us so unhappy." But it seems to be in human nature to crave an integrated and coherent system of values and to insist that it is part of one's experience as a creature of the world of nature to learn that real values exist and can be discovered.

The two most vast empirical generalizations that can be made about *homo sapiens* are that he is a symbol-using and evaluating animal. These generalizations are intimately related and they transcend all cultural differences. Always and everywhere men say: "This is good and that is bad." "This is better and that is worse." "This is to be sought and that avoided." "This is preferable to that." Such evaluation is not restricted to what is deemed beneficial or injurious in terms of survival and adjustment. All cultures have had their categorical imperatives that went beyond existence and pleasure. This fact is astonishing, if one can see it freshly, but one need not invoke the supernatural to explain it. Human life is a moral life because it is a social life.

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Equally incorrect are the views that "science has nothing to do with values," and the moral nihilism inherent in the psychoanalytic, Marxian, and older anthropological standpoint. There is an alternative between dogmatism and anarchy. Ethical relativism correctly saw the diversity of actual moral codes among different peoples and quite rightly pointed to the scientific and logical flaws in metaphysical and theological ethics, but quite wrongly concluded that there were no pan-human values and that no code was worth defending.

THE DICTATORSHIP WITHOUT A PLAN

by Theodore H. White

ONE OF THE rarely appreciated qualities of a government like Spain's is that its troubles are not usually announced in newspapers or on the radio, so that people usually learn what goes on by what happens to them, directly, at home. This makes them less confused. Thus the most important current fact in Spain, which the papers rarely mention, is quite open: it is that everyone is acutely hungry.

The hunger announces itself in different ways at different levels. In Madrid, any foreign embassy describes the matter in figures. Last year, and the year before too, Spain had a crop failure; therefore, by July the Spanish government will have had to import at least 250,000 bushels of wheat if it is to feed its people; and as it is a particularly inefficient government, and also poverty-stricken, nobody knows whether this can be done. Since no one, not even Perón, will give Franco any more credit, Spain last month had to ship to London 55 tons of gold as security for a Chase Bank loan to buy wheat. The 55 tons of gold demanded as security come to about 110 percent of the value of the $50 million being loaned, which would indicate a minus quality for Franco's present credit. By old-fashioned orthodox economics, Franco, with only about $35 million of reserves left, should now be nearly broke; but no chief of state with a modern police system, unencumbered by a parliament, is ever declared bankrupt simply because his gold runs out.

The hunger is announced in Barcelona, however, more simply. A two-pound loaf of coarse bread sells for 50 cents (12 pesetas) on the Calle Cruz Cubierta. Most of the shoppers on the Cruz Cubierta are wives of workers whose husbands' pay averages about 1,000 pesetas, or $40 a month. Barcelona's textile mills have kept it the most prosperous city in Spain and this is a high wage, about a third higher than the Madrid level.

A British friend of mine, in Barcelona to finish a study on European labor, said that it was difficult to describe accurately what was going on in the big cities:

I suppose, generally, you could say that people are dying of starvation here, but of course starvation is something no modern state ever lists among causes of death. Starvation gets listed as dying of pneumonia, of grippe, of typhoid, of tuberculosis; the kids die of whooping cough. It's only that nobody is getting enough to eat.

The people who live on the land—and that's about 60 percent of Spain—get enough food, in a good year, but city people must live by cunning. They all try to get double jobs, carrying packages, washing autos, taking care of gardens. White-collar people, like government accountants, do books for storekeepers at night, army officers hold government desks in the afternoon, lawyers do commercial photography.

The black market is a big help, of course, and a great social lubricant because the poor can sell their coffee and sugar rations for money, while it also provides enough coffee and sugar for the rich.

The whole country has been living on beans, oil, potatoes and bread for so long it's simply undernourished. . . .

You look at the Spaniards in the trams or the buses; they're sick and tired people. You talk to them about the Republic and yes, those were the good old days—food, overtime on the job, light and power, heat. But would they fight to get it back? I don't think so—they're just worn out, they can't think about shooting and getting shot at, only how to get enough to eat.

The Spanish government has never been able to make up its mind whether it is for planning or for business enterprise, and so it is tangled in a mesh of controls that I found no one could explain and no one had codified. I found that as a tourist I got 25 pesetas for my dollar (but a Frenchman got the equivalent of 35 to the dollar for his francs). A businessman investing in Spain gets 16 pesetas for a dollar. But when I wanted to buy gasoline coupons, the Bank of Spain offered me 10 pesetas for the dollar. All these are official rates, as are the 13 dollar rates for exporting different kinds of goods, and 10 other rates for importing goods. Also there are two official pesetas—the paper one you shop with, and the gold one the government counts with, which is worth three times as much.

Spain must buy abroad all her gasoline and oil, all her cars, most of her cotton, machinery and non-ferrous metals. Since Spanish businessmen find exchange controls even more maddening than do American tourists, they keep two sets of books, the first for government inspection, the second for their own information.

Spain's most important industry is textiles, and, for

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all practical purposes, Barcelona, the textile capital, with its million and a quarter citizens, lives simply by spinning and weaving cloth. Last year half of the Spanish cotton imported for Barcelona's mills was purchased, say the Americans who sold it to them, with black-market dollars obtained illegally in Tangiers and Zurich. When a particularly juicy scandal broke in December, the government sent half a dozen Finance Ministry inspectors from Madrid to go through the books of Barcelona's mills. They learned that the entire cotton-cloth industry of Spain was falsifying its accounts. Since it was impossible to jail the whole industry, Madrid, a few weeks ago, let the cotton men of Barcelona set up an independent system of foreign-exchange control based on their sales and needs abroad.

What is going on in Spain is similar to an advanced case of hardening of the arteries; the most vivid symbol is perhaps the national railway system, which has been falling to pieces for 15 years.

The railways are a visible sign of decay and much more conspicuous than hunger, which, historically, can be described only in statistics. Spain now grows half the oranges she grew under the Republic. In the last six years Franco's Spain has harvested a third less rice and a third less chickpeas than under the Republic. Taking the last four years together, there has been a third less wheat, too. Since Franco came in, landowners have let about four million acres go out of cultivation. The most important statistic, though, is very simple: population has grown by almost four million since the end of the Civil War; and there is less food. Spain fed herself under the turbulent Republic; she no longer has any hope of doing so.

What gives these figures their quaint, archaic flavor is that in all the rest of Europe, both democratic and Communist, recovery of humans, of rails, of factories, of fields has been going on steadily since the end of the war. Spain is having an old-fashioned depression.

The dictatorship over which Franco rules is very little different in superficial technique—of police, of torture, of censorship, of induced hysteria—from the more orthodox Communist states of Eastern Europe. Except that in Communist dictatorships police, terror and brutality are always invoked in the name of a Three-Year, Five-Year, or Four-Year plan for which the nation is pitilessly mobilized and whose fruits it hopes to sample. In Spain, the police, the terror and the brutality are invoked in the name of neither plan, program, freedom, nor food.

In Madrid, they say the maquis operate high in the brown mountains of Andalusia. But in Andalusia they say Barcelona is the tinderbox. And in Barcelona, they say it is in the Asturian hills that the maquis fight. Always the maquis are somewhere far away, never here.

In Andalusia, I was introduced to an officer who commands the green-uniformed guards that patrol the roads through the Sierra Morena mountains and are held accountable for the security of much of southern Spain. He drew out his graphs to show me what had been happening. Since 1947, his troops had been bringing back an even scantier haul of outlaws from the hills, because, thank God, said he, the guerrillas were dying. In one summer month in 1947, the graph showed they had picked up 30-odd "bandits" in the hills. But last year there had been perhaps no more than a dozen brushes with outlaws in the hills and the few they were capturing now were "hunger" bandits, not "political" bandits. Since 1947, they had captured only two or three machine guns and very few military rifles. Over toward Malaga, in the coastal mountains, there was still a band of 50 led by someone called "Roberto," who were political outlaws—Communists or Republicans. But that was all. And in Spain as a whole, how many were there? Oh, maybe 1,000 at the most, at the very outside.

The weakening of effective internal resistance which the officer's charts showed after 1947 is part of the decline of Republican opposition in the country. This opposition is now at a 12-year low, a situation usually explained by saying that hope is dead. As long as America, England and Russia were fighting Germans and Italians, the Republicans had felt that their war, too, still lived. Their Republic, they had always believed, had died, as did the French Republic, in an opening skirmish to be rectified when victory came. Victory came in 1945 and everyone waited for Franco to be removed. But Franco stayed, the world accepted him, and within Spain the students, the intellectuals, the old guard of the underground realized that the war was finally over. Of what use was it to keep fighting? they asked, and therefore stopped.

Republican sentiment—as opposed to Communist sentiment—is probably still the majority feeling of the country, and gets stronger as the people get poorer. It has organizational roots, however, only in labor, and these are withering. My British friend has been studying that part of labor life in Spain, too. According to him, the vast majority of the 2.5 million workers who had once belonged to the two great union federations—the Socialist UGT and Anarchist CNT—have slipped away, but perhaps 50,000 old-timers still pay dues to underground organizers of Socialist or Anarchist faith. "The trouble is," said he, "the leadership is getting old. It takes strikes, activity, organization, to train union leaders and give people the religion of unionism. For 12 years, there have been no unions to train fresh leaders, just prewar people who've still got guts but who are starving, dying and getting old. Nobody knows for

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sure, not even they, how many disciplined people their networks could call out of the factories in a crisis—maybe 15,000, maybe 30,000."

It is important to remember how weak and disorganized the opposition is in Spain, for, judging by the talk you hear, it would seem impossible for the government to survive.

Anti-Franco talk gushes through bars, cafés, homes, offices. But most of it comes from clean, well-bred people who talk not in terms of Republic, but of king. A lot of the talkers are simple, middle-class folks who have been hypnotized over many years. Ah, yes, it was better before Franco came. But wasn't that the Republic? Yes, it was. Then do you want a Republic again?—What, the Reds, the baby-burners, priest-killers? Never. The mass hypnosis of propaganda has worked on some of the best. Even educated people will present you with this capsule version of why Spain suffers Franco: Franco brought peace and order, they say. When you ask whether it was he who started the war on the "Reds," they say, quite sincerely: "Why the Reds started it. Someone had to stop it and Franco came to the top." If you say why then was Franco's side called the Insurgents and the other the Government, there is a long pause, and then nothing. In Spain, people try not to remember.

When all the talk is boiled away, there remain in Spain only three well-organized cores of opposition.

First are the Communists. They are said, by their underground rivals, to count fewer than 4,000 men in their network, but they are the best organized, put out the most literature, do the only clandestine broadcasting from Radio-Pyreneees. They are strongest among students, intellectuals and the Andalusian peasantry. The Socialists and Anarchists—some of whom hate the Communists so bitterly that they ascribe the entire cataclysmic agony of the Republic to the influence the Communists gained in it—feel that the Communist challenge in their shadow unions is negligible. This, say other observers, is true at the moment. Underground Republican—*i.e.*, democratic—feeling vastly exceeds Communist feeling; but when Spain is freed, the disciplined Communist phalanxes will start the contest for the workers' loyalty on a par with all others.

What probably worries Franco far more than the Communists is the army. Franco's present government has not the tiniest shred of legitimacy, and a military insurrection, twin to the one he captained, could, with as much legal justification, unseat him. The only guns in the country are the army's. So the army must be watched. Feeling against Franco is strongest, according to gossip, among the generals who were his contemporaries; feeling for him is strongest among the junior officers who made their rank in the Civil War.

There remains the Church. Only the Church, by persuading Franco to abdicate, can end the dictatorship peacefully, for Franco is the Church's man.

The only legality Franco has is what the Church gives him. It is this that creates the Church's great problem in Spain today, for the Chuch is wise enough to know that the regime it clothes in purity is execrated by the people. Thus arise all the profound but muted cross-currents of the Spanish Church. Some in the Church feel that since the Franco regime will ultimately topple, the Church, if it remains bound to him, will topple too. The Vatican, with whatever influence it has in Spanish clerical affairs, seeks now to disentangle Church and State, for Franco is a burden to all Catholic politics in Europe. It refuses Franco a Concordat. Cardinal Segura of Seville loathes Franco, openly talks against him. The Cardinal, however, only considers him rather too modern a character, and seeks the restoration of the traditional monarchy.

Others like Bishop Herrera of Malaga, a worldly-wise former newspaperman, would remold the Church more closely to the French model. In his seminary, Herrera insists that young priests take courses in English, as the chief vehicle of twentieth-century ideas, and study Marxism, as the chief enemy.

But these are minority strains. When all is said, the essential structure, the net moral weight, of the Church is on the side of the dictator, for good or bad, and it is too late now, many think, for a separation. For the Church, all "liberalism," all "republicanism," all "democracy" inevitably leads to "Reds," and having suffered such violence during the Civil War, it cannot, or will not, think politically beyond the drumming, incessant word "Red."

One of the lay spokesmen of Catholic Action—the most efficient political party in the country—talked about it with me in Andalusia:

> If you could do away with Communists and Reds, then some of us would be Republicans, some monarchists, some Franquists [he said]. But this is a question of our existence, for if the Reds came they would kill us, and if we choose Franco, it is not because we like him, but because we defend ourselves. The war here is in a larval state, the Reds only pinprick us now; but if we relaxed they would conquer us, then wipe us out. When the Civil War broke out, I was in the mountains and they seized me and other Catholics and put us inside the country church and, I tell you, this is the only time democracy saved me because the mob debated whether to burn us one by one or throw a bomb in and kill us at once. And while they were debating, our cavalry came and saved us. For this word democracy I will not risk my neck being chopped off. . . . If for six months we let them have a free radio, with a free press and free teachers and freedom to talk as they want—in six months, I would be murdered.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Star Chamber Comes to America*

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE SAWYER has given the choice to William W. Remington and Michael E. Lee to resign or be fired. This harsh decision, we are assured, "is in no wise intended to reflect on the loyalty of either of these two men." However, it cannot but reflect upon the loyalty of Secretary Sawyer to men on his staff and upon his lack of guts in failing to support his employees until their guilt has been established by an appropriate tribunal.

Mr. Sawyer had been told by a Senate subcommittee to fire Lee. This crude invasion of Sawyer's authority should of itself have caused him to stand firmly on his right to administer his department unless there were proof, beyond a reasonable doubt, that both of these men had done something that reflected upon their fitness or ability to be government employees.

I do not know either man. But I believe in fair play. I believe that a man is entitled to face his accusers and subject them to cross-examination, just as he has the right to produce witnesses in his own behalf. I do not like the indiscriminate and reckless smearing that has been going on ever since the advent of the malodorous Dies Committee.

We have arrived at a stage in this country where even a practically constant majority of the Supreme Court seems to be groveling on its knees in fear. Despite vigorous and brave minority opinions by those who still believe in the Bill of Rights and are not afraid to say so, we have reached a point where a man appearing before the Supreme Court to ask that it invoke the protective rights that belong to him under the Constitution, has about as much chance as a snowball in hell. The majority of the Supreme Court appears to be not only willing, but anxious, to give an accolade to the Department of Justice for every vicious snipe that that Department takes at the Bill of Rights. Although J. Howard McGrath is now Attorney General, he has so far allowed his staff, many of whom are still the stooges of his politically-minded predecessor, Associate Justice Tom C. Clark, to deny the constitutional protections that great Attorneys General and Supreme Court Justices in the past have insisted upon.

However, despite the heavy fog of fear that seems to have blacked out the majority of the Court, a breath of fresh air flows in from a brave and clear-visioned minority. Usually two, but sometimes three or, on rare occasions, even four Justices can be depended upon to defend vigorously the liberties that were once so precious and of which the Supreme Court in the past has been the zealous guardian. Unfortunately, since the death of those two great Americans, Justices Murphy and Rutledge, there might well be emblazoned over the main entrance to the courtroom: "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here to seek the civil rights that once were yours."

Mr. Justice Jackson recently acted in the finest tradition of the Court when, in language that reminded one of the ringing decisions of braver days, he ordered a stay in the deportation of Mrs. Ellen Knauff, the German-born wife of an American citizen serving with the American Army in Germany.

Mrs. Knauff had been denied admission to this country. Without a hearing on announced charges, without being confronted by witnesses or even given the name of her accuser, and without an opportunity to present witnesses on her own behalf, she was ordered deported by Mr. Justice Clark's Department of Justice. This might have been expected, but that a United States District Court and a Circuit Court of Appeals should successively have sanctioned a proceeding that even Hitler at his worst would have thought twice about, did cause dismay among Americans who still believe in liberty.

After the Circuit Court of Appeals had denied an application for a writ of habeas corpus, hirelings of "Justice," like thieves in the night, tried to shanghai Mrs. Knauff aboard an airplane bound for Germany. With only minutes within which to act, Justice Jackson issued a stay order in virile language which should, but will not, bring a blush of shame to his associate on the Supreme Court who selected practically all of the present personnel of the Department of Justice and who, during his tenure of that office, contrived the shameless policies which are still followed. Justice Jackson said: "That the purpose of this haste to rush her [Mrs. Knauff] out of the country is to defeat any effort to have this Court review her present habeas corpus proceedings, appears from statements apparently made to the press by the government's counsel in the Court of Appeals. . . . This [prejudicial statements by government's counsel] leaves no doubt that the purpose is to defeat the jurisdiction of this Court, as well as the determination of Congress."

A fine business this, of high officials in the Department of Justice acting the part of kidnaping thugs. I do not know whether or not Mrs. Knauff is guilty of what has been charged against her. But if she were as guilty as Elsa Koch of Buchenwald ill-fame, she would still be entitled to a fair trial. Our ancestors struck down the Star Chamber of the Stuarts. Are we going to permit Clark and his minions to establish it here?

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO WORLD POLITICS

by Albert Z. Carr

VERA DEAN'S new book comes as comforting evidence that there are still political thinkers among us who combine profound knowledge of the particular with grasp of the meaningful whole. With remarkable virtuosity she dissects the great trouble of our age and reveals its structure from varying angles—in terms of historical movement, of social response to environmental change and of political pattern. Her performance is especially notable because her scrupulously factual and quietly analytical book is warmed by deep feeling for the sufferings of bewildered mankind.

EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, by Vera Micheles Dean (Alfred A. Knopf; $3.50).

Out of her broad survey of conditions and trends in Europe and America emerges the conviction that all is not lost—that the survival and peaceful development of Western civilization can yet be assured, if statesmen have the sense and will to face the facts. In final residue, her hope boils down to "a new balance of power within the framework of the United Nations." Other writers have conceived such a balance as resulting from the integration of Western Europe into a "third force," which would prevent America and Russia from tipping the scales too sharply. Mrs. Dean points out that it is "difficult for the Europeans to form a union of their own . . . without reference to the interest they have in obtaining this country's support"; and that it is "difficult for the United States to keep its economy and its military establishment completely apart from those of western Europe." In another publication[1] she has written: "When we urge integration on Europe, it is wise for us to bear in mind that before long we ourselves may be invited to consider the pros and cons of integration with European nations—and we should not expect more vision and self-sacrifice on their part than we are ready to contribute on behalf of this country."

[1] *Can Europe Unite?*, by Vera Micheles Dean and J. K. Galbraith (Foreign Policy Association, Headline Series, No. 80; 35 cents).

Her *Europe and the United States* makes it clear that if the nations which will determine the future of Western civilization are to work as a unit for peace they must arrive at a much higher degree of mutual understanding and of self-awareness than they have yet displayed. So far, Europe and America have been depending almost entirely on what Kipling called "the ties of common funk" to produce community of action. Mrs. Dean is especially concerned, and with reason, about the extent to which we, in this country, have allowed national prejudices, economic fears and religious ardors to shape the popular attitude toward Europe. "It would be nothing short of tragic," she comments, "if apprehension about Russia and Communism should cause the United States to misunderstand the shifts in political forces that have been under way on the European continent since World War II and to miscalculate their ultimate direction."

What is that direction? Toward socialism, by all the evidence:

> World War II . . . accelerated the political tendencies already visible during the interwar years. In Britain the Labour Party won a resounding victory. . . . In western Europe as a whole, the Socialists or Social Democrats . . . have moved into a position that is close to what was called "center" before 1939. . . . In France, Belgium, Italy and the West German state, socialism continues to vie for power not only with Communism, but also what is currently called neo-liberalism.

Mrs. Dean makes the point, which cannot be repeated too often, that we cannot "reëstablish the foundations of the economy of the continent on the foundations of 1914 or even of 1939." She is plainly convinced that it would be a perhaps fatal error to build our policy on the assumption that the socialist trend in Europe is a product of Communist propaganda, and can be reversed by letting loose an overwhelming flood of anti-Communist propaganda. Not Russia, but two great wars and a changed social environment produced the trend, she reminds us, although Russia is trying to speed it up and to bring it under her own totalitarian banner. To delude ourselves that the trend toward socialism in Europe is artificial or temporary is to weaken our hold on the good will of the majority of Europeans:

> Too often bitter denunciations here of "statism" and "the welfare state" in Europe give the impression abroad that as a nation we still cling to nineteenth century concepts of "everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

In politics, misunderstanding is the gateway to disaster. Just as our tendency to confuse Europe's spontaneous urge toward socialism with the results of Communist propaganda can be costly to us, so too can be our failure to distinguish sufficiently between the revolutionary pressures of Communism and the age-old imperialistic thrust of the Russian state. Mrs. Dean recalls without amusement the shocked surprise of Secretary of State Byrnes when he discovered that Russia coveted the Dardanelles, long the dreamed-of prize of the Czars. Stigmatizing this Russian demand, among others, simply as the product of Communist schemes was a piece of historical naïveté which could lead only to confusion of purpose. As a result of this confusion, throughout 1946 and for a time thereafter, we concentrated on the territorial containment of Russia, and we stood nearly idle as the deterioration of European economic conditions played into the hands of the Communists.

In another direction, too, misunderstanding works against us. We have been insufficiently aware of the degree to which our own diplomacy, linked as it has been to that of England, has suggested to other nations that we, as well as Russia, are imperialists at heart. An arresting paragraph of Mrs. Dean's book develops this idea:

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Our preoccupation with Russia has caused us to work more closely and more uncritically with Britain in the Mediterranean, in eastern Europe and in the Middle East than we might have done under different circumstances. . . . The resentment aroused over the years by the British may prove a heavy liability to us when we undertake to improve our relations with Russia and to bolster our influence in Asia.

In the same vein, a discussion of the events leading up to the Yalta Conference strongly suggests that our support of Churchill's imperialistic diplomacy may have played a large part in stimulating the Russians to the provocative actions in the Balkans that ushered in the cold war.

The range of *Europe and the United States* is as wide and as deep as the crisis of our times. The book might have been even more compelling if its organization and structure had been simplified and sharpened, but in view of its many virtues this is a minor criticism. One cannot help noting and admiring Mrs. Dean's freedom from the timidity that today hampers so many writers on politics. She says forthrightly what she wants to say, and since she has seen much and thought much, the result is a superb insight into the realities of the modern political world.

Albert Z. Carr, author of several books in the fields of history and politics, has served on the staffs of the War Production Board, the White House, and the Inter-Allied Reparations Agency. His newest book, Truman, Stalin and Peace, will be published in the fall.

ROOSEVELT IN ANECDOTE

ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT: A Profile in History, by John Gunther (Harper; $3.75).

MANY AMERICANS will vote during the rest of their lives for or against no one but Roosevelt. It is therefore quite in order that John Gunther, the great witness of the contemporary appearance of things, should write about him as if he were not yet lodged on the shelf of history. Gunther's indifference to the historian's perplexities in dealing with the Roosevelt literature is fairly unimportant if one hopes for the late President's immortality as a polarizer of American feeling, thinking and voting.

His book has the vitality and pressure of the weekly-magazine "estimates" that appeared for twelve years whenever a Roosevelt inauguration or birthday or nothing special gave an excuse. It is immensely pleasant to read because it strings on a generally unobtrusive frame a fabulous collection of anecdotes. But it is "A Profile in History" only by the formal circumstance that the great man is gone now.

The first chapter disposes of "The Historical Perspective." Was Roosevelt a great man? "Of course, but what made him so?" Was he pure like Joan of Arc or profound like Dante? No. Did he breathe fire like Shelley? No. Had he the wholeness of soul of Saint Augustine, Cromwell, or Spinoza? No. Was he a conservative or a liberal? Well. . . . How did he think? He didn't. How does he stack up against TR, Wilson, Churchill, Hitler? High.

The rest of Book One covers "The Character" by means of stories about how Roosevelt slept, about his charm, popularity, will to power, gentlemanliness, humanity, love of talk, sources of power, iconoclasm, knowledgeability, and laughter; about his attitudes to sex, money, religion, history, fame, friends, collecting things, ships, and food; about his luck, home, library, grave, central belief, reading, speechwriting, conduct of cabinet meetings, relations with the press, travels, and guards; and about the central mystery: namely, "What *made* Roosevelt what he was?" (His youthfulness, boldness, wealth, superiority, confidence, illness, and love of action.)

Book Two is a rapid personal-political biography. Important new material on Roosevelt's illness creates unforgettable images of his sufferings and gallantry. Gunther tries hard for balance in his judgments of political questions, but there is not enough substance in his narrative to give them weight. Yalta, he writes, on the one hand, was no treasonable betrayal, although, on the other hand, FDR and Churchill gave Russia too much; on the one hand, the tragedies that followed were Russia's doing, although, on the other hand, they should have been foreseen. This and most of Gunther's conclusions might be excellent if they were based on convincing treatments of the evidence available. He sticks to the livelier press and personal sources and shuns the duller but indispensable official documentation.

The balance Gunther works for is artificial: he goes so far overboard for Roosevelt that no balancing act will help. He writes, for example, that Roosevelt had an "unerring" instinct to use the best brains and advice. The anti-Roosevelt people feel compelled to prove that Roosevelt was unerringly wrong; one of the pleasures of being pro-Roosevelt is that one is not compelled to claim that he was unerring in anything whatever, certainly not in the advice he took from Hugh Johnson on the NRA codes, from the palace guard on the 1938 primaries "purge," and from Hull on the Spanish Civil War, to name cases in which he himself decided his advice had been dubious.

Gunther accepts the say-so of the memoirs-writers so uncritically that a Charles A. Beard or a C. C. Tansill would make baby play of demolishing his pro-Roosevelt arguments. If this doesn't worry him, he ought to be concerned that some of his anti-Roosevelt points, carefully thrown in for balance, are in error. He repeats Robert Sherwood's mistake that Roosevelt in a 1940 campaign speech "took credit" for the arms embargo. Gunther is seriously wrong when he writes that Roosevelt "did nothing to check Italy in Ethiopia, snubbed the League, threw cold water on plans for collective security, and encouraged the appeasement of Hitler and Mussolini at Munich." He writes that Roosevelt broke his promise to give Senator Robinson the next appointment to the Supreme Court because "the situation changed." It did indeed—Robinson died. Sherwood denies that "Roosevelt sent Hopkins to superintend operations" at the 1940 Democratic Convention. He states that Hopkins "assumed this job on his own initiative," and Gunther will be willing to acknowledge that Sherwood is the best available authority on the matter.

The Roosevelt era can no longer be safely written about by anyone unwilling to do a solid job of critical research. Already the field is trickier than Lincoln scholarship. William Harlan Hale in the *New Republic* of January 3, 1949, brilliantly sketched the amazing contradictions even in the writings of Roosevelt's friends, and his piece ought to be tacked above the desk of every writer on FDR. The best-intentioned

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and shrewdest author will get snagged and risk serious disservice both to Roosevelt and to history if he merely casts a net and hauls away.

At the end of his book, Gunther admits that "this whole book is in the nature of a summary." So it is—a summary of the journalism and personal literature on Roosevelt: great enjoyment and not too much harm done.

BASIL RAUCH

Basil Rauch, associate professor of History at Barnard College, is the author of History of the New Deal *and* Roosevelt: From Munich to Pearl Harbor, *just published by Creative Age Press.*

THE NEW EXPATRIATES

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES, by H. J. Kaplan (Harper; $3).

HERO OF THIS gay-sad tale of the New Expatriates is not so much any of the bizarre Americans or Parisians who populate it as it is a myth—that of the "representative American"—which has been bedeviling the world for at least a century, and more so than ever in this day of atomic explosion, the Marshall Plan, Atlantic Pact and general American hegemony in whatever areas of the globe the Russians have not got to first.

If the fabled American has changed at all during the past hundred years, it has been only to become even more of the same: uniformly rich, powerful, vigorous, materialistic, rude, capable of building any machine and converting even woodshavings into gold: in short, a Paul Bunyan, with perhaps a couple of credits today from MIT and the Harvard School of Business.

Against this hardy myth it is the pleasure of H. J. Kaplan, in as fresh and charming a fiction as any to come off the presses this year, to stack up a handful of American denizens of the Café Flore.

To call the roll, there is first of all P. W. Strauss, or "Old Phineas," a retreaded expatriate from the Hemingway days who divides his time among such activities as a running war with his concierge, an occasional dab at his French mistress for refresher purposes, the writing of a weekly letter for a New York Sunday paper and the telling of this novel. His spyglass is trained for the most part on a pair of Daisy Millers, male and female, with a *Partisan Review* finish: namely, Tony Farnese, studying painting on a GI stipend, and Patricia Matford, former Wac, who on a similar bounty pursues a career with one of those splinter revolutionary parties which can hold their annual congresses in a telephone booth. Somewhat to the rear trails Steepleton Boggs, of dubious sex, who is characterized by a permanently curled nostril, an ecstatic devotion to Proust's aristocracy and the publication of a "beautiful" Magazine.

A good deal of *The Plenipotentiaries* consists of flashing entries by Old Phineas in his journals and boils down really to good table talk. What plot there is revolves mostly about the seduction of Tony and Pat into a mate-swapping process with a pair of traditionally *complaisant* Parisians.

With this set-up the most striking mystery about *The Plenipotentiaries* is why it should take its Americans, and indeed the author himself, so long to reach the conclusion that they in no way measure up to the "representative American" of the European legend. Since they are marked exotics and self-exiled outsiders to start with, this is knocking down an open door.

To be sure, Kaplan's general proposition is valid: that Americans are anything *but* a standard, homogenized article, either culturally, ethnically, politically or along most other lines. And it is further true that altogether we are a nation of outsiders in our multitude of minority permutations and combinations—an oddly effective emulsion, rather than a true and uniform solution.

What I take issue with is that the author has tried to prove his thesis with a cast of characters who by very definition are not "normal" to start with, and who don't even *look* normal, not even to the foreign eye. As I remember life during the First Great Expatriation, the bulk of Parisians managed to remain shockingly unaware of most of us, with almost no give-and-take on either side, and an inclination—at least on the part of the concierges—to regard us first as "crazies" and last of all as Americans.

Much more to the point (and I know I am committing the critical boner of telling Kaplan he should have written some other novel) would have been to apply the thesis to such plenipotentiaries of ours as at least *look* "normal": the millions of khaki-clad travelers of the last two wars, the summer vacationists, the military governors, the Marshall Plan expediters and the Coca-Cola salesmen.

But that is not always the way novels are put together. Kaplan, on government work in Paris, obviously spent a lot of his *grande année* among the Café Flore crowd, and had enough fun at it to want to put it on paper. It is eminently to his credit as a writer that he has managed to transmit his own fun to the reader, and *The Plenipotentiaries* makes you impatient for his next book.

DAVID DAVIDSON

David Davidson is the author of The Steeper Cliff *and* The Hour of Truth. *Random House will publish his third novel,* In Another Country, *next fall.*

MUSIC: The Parisian Scene

MUSIC IN PARIS is back in its prewar stride—in quantity, if not invariably in quality. Political controversies and punishments being entirely a thing of the past, the traditional institutions, both independent and state-supported, appear to be functioning smoothly and continuously. Both the Opéra and the Opéra Comique show signs of taking a new lease on life.

The most pretentious enterprise of the year at the Opéra was the world première, on May 12, of Darius Milhaud's "Bolivar," a massive, four-hour opera based on Jules Superveille's episodic but encyclopedic narrative of the South American leader. Milhaud wrote the opera in California in 1943, when his thoughts, like those of the French people generally, turned toward the subject of liberation. Unfortunately, this production of "Bolivar" came a few years too late. The topic now seems a trifle outmoded to the volatile French public; and I shared its inability to whip up much interest in a talky libretto that made Bolivar and his friends and enemies a tiresome group of stuffed shirts.

Milhaud's score, while excessively ponderous and sobersided, is brightened

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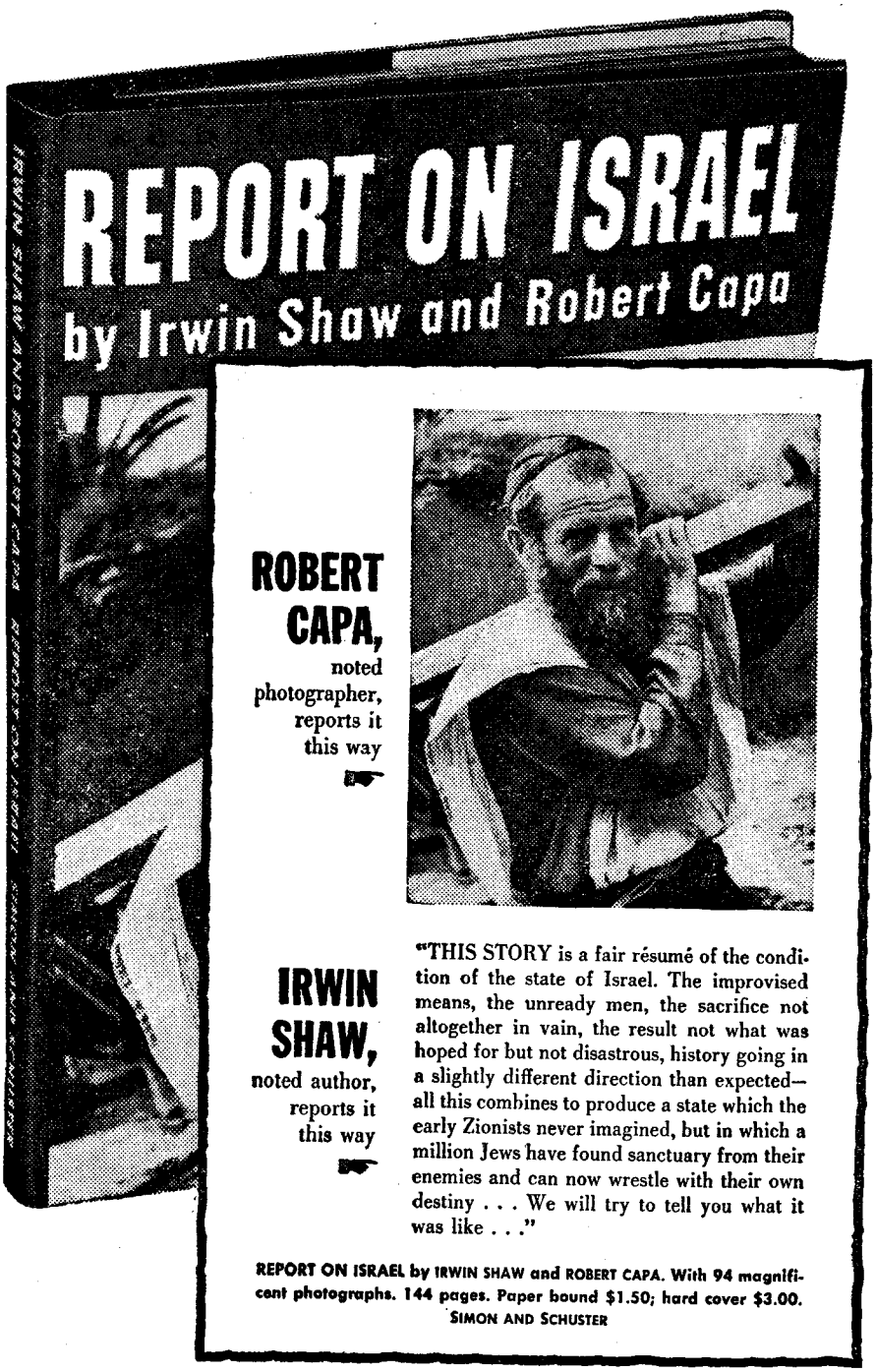
from time to time by South American rhythms he learned when he served in the French embassy in Rio de Janeiro during the First World War. These pleasurable moments were not enough to save the music from general condemnation by the French press, or to make an audience enjoy sitting through four hours of it. But the lavishness of the production compensated in part for the bleakness of the musical and dramatic material. Fernand Léger was engaged to design the settings, and the result was rich and striking if not always especially novel or tasteful. In two big scenes—an earthquake at Caracas, and the crossing of the Andes by Bolivar's army—Léger satisfied the French love of spectacle by providing complicated transformation scenes in which the scenery disappears into the wings and down through the countless trap doors of the Opéra stage. Since this was the first production of a new French work at the chief national theatre in seven years, the management engaged some of the best singers in France—including Roger Bourdin as Bolivar, and Janine Micheau, an enchanting lyric-coloratura soprano, as the heroine. The conductor, André Cluytens, is also one of the best, and the production was rehearsed to polished perfection.

There are signs that the Opéra Ballet, the unchallenged terrain of Serge Lifar, may soon see some changes. Only a few days ago a contract was signed with Roland Petit, whose Ballet de Paris has just reopened here after its successful season in the United States, to stage a large-scale ballet at the Opéra next season. It is an open secret that a part of the directorate of the Opéra is opposed to the perpetuation of Lifar's vacuous efforts as the official style. Moreover, the cabal of the Opéra Ballet at the opening of Ruth Page's Les Ballets Américains—now established by incontrovertible and written proof as a demonstration planned in advance—has embarrassed some of the officials of the national theatre, and Lifar's local standing was not improved by the misbehavior of his dancers on an occasion conceived to promote Franco-American artistic amity.

With the Opéra Comique, there is no need to deal in speculations: the improvement is already visible. Under new artistic direction, fresh productions are enlivening the traditional repertory, even though the shrunken government subsidy does not permit the staging of brand-new works. A new version of Charpentier's "Louise"—a token of the fiftieth anniversary of the opera and the ninetieth birthday of its still agile composer—was provided with wonderful décors by Utrillo and first-class stage direction. With Géori Boué as a ravishing Louise and Louis Musy profoundly moving as her father, Charpentier's picture of working-class life in Montmartre half a century ago again emerged as strong and touching musical drama. Massenet's "Manon" is also beautifully redressed. The Opéra Comique has discovered the best modern arts of the lyric stage without losing touch with the traditions that give it uniqueness and permanence.

The ballets at the Opéra Comique—less pretentious, of course, than those at the gargantuan Opera—are also uniformly delightful. Jean-Jacques Etchevéry, the chief choreographer, is as skilled and as well supplied with attractive ideas as Balanchine. With Etche-



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very good taste—*le bon gout*—the prerequisite of success in Paris, is allied with an important creative gift. I hope some of his choreography will make its way to the United States, where we have been led to believe that—except for Petit—Lifar represents all Paris has to offer to the world of the dance.

Apparently the European orchestras are getting on their feet again, and new ones are springing up to challenge the supremacy of the older ones. The Berlin Philharmonic, under Wilhelm Furtwängler, is making its first European tour since the war. For its two Paris concerts early in June, seats are selling for 2,500 francs instead of the usual 600 or 700. A fortnight ago, the four-year-old National Orchestra of Madrid came to Paris for the first time, with its 30-year-old conductor, Ataulfo Argenta, whose technical skill and admirable musicianship are rapidly making it one of the best in Europe. As a novelty, he presented a most agreeable guitar concerto by the blind composer, Joaquin Rodrigo, interpreted by Narciso Yepes, 23 years old, and the only guitarist I have heard who plays more superbly than Segovia.

With the musical world aloof to political complications, artists of every stripe appear freely in Paris. Walter Gieseking plays often; von Karajan, a complete Nazi during the war, met with opposition only when he proposed to conduct Hitler's favorite piece, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." He replaced it on the printed program with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and then played the Wagner piece as an encore! Incidentally, it was the only piece he conducted without grotesque exaggerations and mannered effects. CECIL SMITH

In his next letter from Paris, Cecil Smith will discuss the orchestra societies and the light musical theatre.

MOVIES: Jungle Tales

THE MOST INTERESTING pictures I have seen recently are three documentaries, all about Africa. One of them is French, "Congolaise"; the other two (on the same bill in New York) are English, "Drums for a Holiday" and "Daybreak in Udi."

The French film, made by an anthropological expedition up the Ogowe River, is not unlike other records that have been brought back by explorers, but it shows some extraordinary footage. Religious ceremony and hunting are what the picture mainly contains, partly perhaps because primitive life consists largely in propitiating the gods and obtaining food, partly also because dancing and danger are the elements of that life that fit most entertainingly on the screen.

"Congolaise" touches upon four or five different tribes and does so with annoying brevity. The picture might have been more satisfying if it had gone deeper into the life of just one of them, and, since the expedition was two years in the Congo, there must have been material. But the attack on an elephant herd, the ritual hunting of a lion, the slaughter of a bull gorilla, exhibiting as they do courage and superstition, covetousness and awe, are masterpieces of bared emotion.

The British pictures are a different matter. They are sociological, not anthropological, studies and they are made, at least in part, to publicize the empire's present attitude toward its dependent peoples. As documentary records they show great artistry; so great, in fact, that they reveal more than was perhaps intended.

That is particularly true of "Drums for a Holiday," a picture in color of the Gold Coast. The narrative (by V. S. Pritchett) explains that the drums of the region once beat incessantly for war but that now, ofter 50 years of the Pax Britannica, they summon the village chiefs and tribal princes to a Durbar, the great ceremony at which native royalty will exchange greetings with the British governor. The people of the Gold Coast, whose tempo of life is magnificently caught in scenes of cocoa harvesting, are being prepared, the picture says, to govern themselves as free men. But the breath-taking pageantry of the Durbar seems to belie that. On the one hand is a group of vainglorious feudal lords met

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to outdo one another in the pomp of their trappings and the adulation of their followers; on the other is the British representative, a really brilliant composite of the occupants of Government House all over the world, whose every gesture betrays the embarrassment with which he undergoes this pretense of equality. Kipling would have understood the strains beneath this festive Durbar; he would have thought the jungle princes merited a vigilant eye and a firm hand. And he would have been right, judging by the equivocal looks that follow the governor after he offers his reluctant hand, flashes his fishy smile and abruptly turns away. A record of riotous native pomp and graceful native life, "Drums for a Holiday" is also an unparalleled insight into the uneasy statecraft of twentieth-century colonialism.

"Daybreak in Udi," set in Nigeria, reveals the present status of the white man's burden in a different context. The subject is self-help in an area where the backward communities are attempting a broad jump into modern times. Unlike "Drums for a Holiday," which recorded events, it has a carefully-written story, individual actors and a director (Terry Bishop).

A village wishes to build a maternity hospital and representatives come to the British district officer for funds and guidance. He provides both with a tough, tutorial friendliness. E. R. Chadwick, who plays the officer and probably is one, establishes with surpassing economy and vividness the emotional key to his dealings with the natives: they are good but undisciplined children and he is their fatherly preceptor.

The hospital is built and the natives are exposed to maturity in the light of the most modern educational methods, but you are left with a question. Primitive men are not really children in the white man's culture, and one wonders whether Chadwick's rather autocratic benevolence will cut very deep.

The picture, like "Drums," is put together with admirable intelligence and sensitivity, the only flaw being that the mass scenes of construction are carried out at a wild tempo that must have been whipped up for the camera. Not even the children of Eden could maintain that pace.

There is a disturbing predictability about the family whose happy crisis is examined in "Father of the Bride." Nothing that Mr. and Mrs. Banks do or say or feel in the weeks of preparation for the marriage (nuptials) of their daughter causes a flicker of surprise; it has all been fed to us detail by detail in the full-page ads. The Banks family lives in modest luxury according to the best mortgage-plan principles. They are people who ride on Dynaflow, cruise in the West Indies, demand high fidelity, exclaim at the wholesome goodness of sealed-in freshness, display a weekly wash that is the envy of the neighborhood and employ a jewel in the aseptic kitchen. Theirs is a family of distinction and when a member of it marries, the occasion evokes sweet sadness, kind laughter and expensive showmanship.

It is impossible to deny that the Banks family represents the perfect flowering of the American dream or that Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett and Elizabeth Taylor play its principal members with a complete understanding of the rules. But a hidden vice or a trace of guilty independence from advertising-agency dogma would have been refreshing.

What can anyone say of "The Jackie Robinson Story"? Its intentions are good, if mercenary; it describes the career of the best-known living athlete with perfect and innocuous taste. The baseball scenes are dull and I am told that Robinson's batting stance has been tampered with to improve camera angles. The problems confronting the first Negro in major-league baseball are presented with headline simplicity and an understandable avoidance of anything that might be regarded as unduly personal. Robinson is an actor only in the sense that he moves and talks; he displays a quiet dignity that is undoubtedly his natural manner, but he has a reserve that is dramatically fatal.

It is inconvenient, we learn from "In a Lonely Place," to be known as a barroom brawler and a breaker of ladies' jaws when a murder occurs in your neighborhood. The irony in this new Humphrey Bogart melodrama is laid on with hopeful lavishness; it is intended to obscure the fact that Bogart has been typed again.

ROBERT HATCH

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by MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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